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VOL. 7 YPSILANTI, MICH., JAN., 1917 No. 5

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THE YPSI-SEM is published monthly by the students of the Ypsilanti High School, Ypsilanti, Michigan, the staff being chosen by the Faculty.

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A Scrap of Paper

Ruth Bowen, '18

Old Ben Mason, riding along a seldom visited part of the Carson Trail, jerked his horse to an abrupt standstill. Behind him in the distance lay Baynall, a large lumber camp, on the left a creek roared down a steep incline, while on his right towered the giant trees of the forest. But apparently the man's interest was centered in what lay before him.

The Trail, so far, a wide, smooth road with few curves, now divided into two narrow, scraggling paths. The right path wound up the side of a steep hill and disappeared over the top but the other trail followed the banks of the creek.

"Which is it, Jeremiah, right 'er left?" asked Old Ben, fondly patting his horse.

As if in answer to the question, the animal snorted and started down the left trail. The old man chuckled.

"You ain't very crazy about climbin' a hill, are ye? Weel, I'll let you have your own way this time."

But a mile or so farther on, the horse and rider found the trail well-night impassable because of the roots and stumps in their way. Just as Old Ben had despaired of getting any where on this trail and had decided he had better turn back, his eyes spied a scrap of paper caught on a bush ahead of him.

"By thunder!" he ejaculated. "You don't say someone's been through here lately! I cal'late they have, Jerry, for this 'here paper didn't drop from the clouds. Why, if it ain't part o' some jackie's pay check!" and, examining it more closely, "His number's eight hundred an' fifty-nine. I'd kinderlike to know why he's prowlin' 'round this region. Weel, Jeremiah, I guess we'd better try the other trail an' if that don't take us to Old Long's Lumber Camp, I'll find out the reason why!"

When he had reached the other trail and had followed it to the top of the hill, Old Ben could distinguish the shacks that made up the Long Lumber Camp about three miles away.

He found the small town greatly excited by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the son of Long, the lumber king. It was generally supposed that the child had wandered alone into the forest and had lost his way.

Ben Mason listened to these reports in silence. Then, inquiring as to where Long could be found, he rode up to the lumberman's cabin. At the knock Long, himself, came to the door and gruffly asked,

"What d'ye want?"

"I have a clue," was the brief answer.

Instantly the manner of the lumberman changed and Old Ben was ushered into the cabin with the greatest courtesy possible. Unheeding a proffered chair he drew out of his pocket a scrap of paper and handed it to Long.

"Number eight hundred and fifty-nine!" exclaimed the lumberman. "Where did you find it, man? Tell me quick!"

"I was riding 'long the left fork of the Carson Trail when I saw that piece of a pay check caught in a bush. I put it in my pocket thinkin' it was kind o' queer that anyone should be prowlin' 'round that region. I found out I was on a bad trail so I struck off to the right. When I heard your kid was stole I says to myself, 'That man was prowlin' 'round thar an' I bet he wasn't alone either.' "

Long listened eagerly and, when Mason had finished, he opened a large book on the table, traced down a long row of numbers with his finger and stopped at eight hundred and fifty-nine.

"Jay Willard! So he's the man! Who'd a thought it? Fixed it pretty neat, too, cuttin' it to Lake Michigan and from there probably

to Chicago. Well, we'll give him a little surprise for he hasn't much of a start. I know a short cut that 'll let us almost catch up with 'em."

With this the lumberman took a ten dollar bill out of his pocket and handed it to Mason.

"It's worth more'n that to me, what you've done, but maybe that'll make up fer part of it. Do ye want to go 'long while we hunt him up?"

Mason thrust the money aside but he answered with ready assent that he wanted to "see that 'er little kid whar he belongs" before he did another thing.

Within ten minutes a group of five horsemen could be seen riding swiftly westward over a country seemingly impassable but which could be covered with remarkable speed by these experienced woodsmen. After a two hours' ride they arrived at the summit of a richly wooded hill and looked across onton an entirely different country. Before them lay vast stretches of burning, white sand. The wind, its master, had drifted it into shaggy dunes and deep crevasses, bare but for solitary stumps and patches of juniper which seemed only to add to the desolation of the place. As every sand dune appeared the same as all the rest, a traveler might wander among them for hours with burning feet and raging thirst before finding his way out. But, at the remote horizon, in great contrast to this burning, glaring sand, lay Lake Michigan, shimmering and cool.

As the men gazed, impressed by the vastness of the scene before them, three black specks could be seen winding their way up the side of one of the sand dunes. Quickly the horsemen drew back into the concealment of the forest and Long began to give orders.

"Mason and Pete and I must strike straight across but mind ye, we've got to keep out o' sight. But you, Farwel and Dick, you stand on the bluff and watch an' see that we don't stray off in the wrong direction. If we should, you start an' see if you kin catch'em yerselves. Come on!"

For a long time the two men, Farwel and Dick, watched the progress of their companions from the top of the bluff. How tiny they looked. It seemed as though the three men were three black insects trying to catch up with three insects ahead of them. The distance lessened between them little by little. Then, by chance, both parties happened to arrive at the crest of two dunes at the same time and were visible to each other.

"They're discovered! shouted Dick. "The others have left the boy behind and are beating it!" At this they both plunged down the bluff.

The same instant Old Ben seeing that his party had been discovered urged on his horse in the direction of the fugitives and was closely followed by his companions. They arrived at the very place they had seen the men but no one was in sight! Which way had they gone?

When Long had almost despaired of finding the kidnappers, four men appeared in silhouette on a crest near by, whom Long at once recognized.

"It's Dick and Farwel with the theives but where is my boy?"

Long jumped down from his horse.

"What's that?" he cried. "Listen!"

A cry broke the following silence. It was a child's voice. Again they heard it, clearly this time, from behind a great juniper bush not more than ten yards away.

Then a little figure appeared and ran towards the big man who had dismounted.

"Papa," it said, "I'm comin' home."

Earning An "N"

Herbert Sample, '18

(Conclusion)

Then the quarter on the Newton High whirled a perfect pass into the hands of Clark, the end. Clark tore down the field to the 20 yard line where he was downed by one of Duncan's backfield men. The play was greeted by a loud cheer from the bleachers, and with a determination now to score on Duncan the Newton High began their line plunges. Try as they would however, Duncan held like a brick wall.

It was now their fourth down and 9 yards lay between them and goal. Davis suddenly was seen talking to the quarter who in turn whispered to the fullback. Hartridge watched all this with a smile upon his face. This play that they were going to try was his. He had made it up, and as he watched, his heart seemed to skip a beat or two, and then he broke off in a joyous shout as Davis could be seen to break away from a group of struggling men and go tearing over the goal for the first and only touchdown. The bleachers rang with cheers and the dull roar seemed an echo of the cheers of the men in Europe as they capture their enemies' trench.

Newton High made the attempt for goal but failed and as the two teams lined up for the next kickoff, the whistle blew announcing that the game was over with a 6 to 0 victory for the Newton High. Davis was lifted up on the shoulders of his classmates and carried to the gym amid the cheers of the crowd.

Hartridge was completely discouraged. He had worked all for nothing and all his time spent in training had been but idly spent. He had not been able to get into the game and now his N was gone forever.

A week has passed since the big game and we find Hartridge reading a notice on the bulletin board. There is to be an athletic banquet in the assembly room that night and everyone is invited to come and cheer the players as they receive their N's. Tears must have blurred those dark blue eyes for Hartridge now and then passed his hand lightly across his face. It takes grit to stand by and see some one reap the harvest which you have sown. He who had worked for the team, endeavoring to make it better, was to stand back and see some one else receive the reward. With a bitter heart Hartridge walked sullenly home; angry a tthe coach, angry at himself and at the whole school in fact for wronging him.

Towards dark he calmed down enough to remember what he had told his mother the first part of the season. Was he sticking? No! Now at the very last he was shirking, giving up just at the last moment. They had asked him personally to come that night. Was he man enough to go? Yes! Rising from the step where he had been sitting, he hurried into the house telling his mother that he had decided to go. "If tey had nerve enough to ask me," he exclaimed, "I have nerve enough to go." A proud smile could have been seen on his mother's face as she laid out his suit that night.

At 7:30 Hartridge was seated in the assembly hall surrounded by a group of other fellows, busily discussing the team and its prospects for the coming year. Ferns and flowers placed about the room filled the air with their pleasant fragrance and on the walls were banners which bore the numerals and colors of each class. In the center of the room, attracting a great deal of attention, were long tables upon which were spread snowy white cloths. Neatly folded, bright colored napkins lay at each place and the bright room was made still brighter by the polished surfaces of the plates and silverware.

There were other groups of students standing here and there about the room. Some hovering about a favorite faculty member, while others were gathered about the piano, and some, more venturesome than the others, running their fingers lightly over the keys, urged first this one and then that one to play. Finally a bell sounded and everyone scrambled for a place. Some selected their places near one of their favorite dishes only, to their utter dismay, to see those same dishes passed down the other side of the table. There were three tables however that were reserved, the first for the faculty members, the second for the first team and the third for the second team. At this third table sat Hartridge looking up now and then with envious glances at the second table.

After everyone had done full justice to the splendid repast, they all leaned back in their

chairs and listened to the toastmaster as he introduced the various speakers on the program. He first called upon the superintendent who gave a short talk using for his subject, "Clean Athletics and Their Value." The principal came next and he talked on the game of football, comparing it with life's work. The captain followed. He thanked the boys for their work on the team which had helped to make the season so successful. Then, last of all, came the coach with his few words. In his hands he held the N's that were to be awarded to the players.

As the players' names were read off each one stepped up and received his letter. As he marched back to his place he tucked his N away carefully in his pocket while he burned with the excitement which he tried not to show. There was still one more N and as the Coach held up his hand to quiet the cheers that were greeting each player, he began to speak.

I would like to say a few words to you tonight about a certain fellow that is among us. Though I do not make a practice of complimenting a person in front of the general publicI think I am justified in this case as he is one of us. The fellow I have in mind I will make bold to say has done as much for the good of this High School of ours as any other fellow who has received an N here tonight. He took an active part in the football team this year and although he did not succeed in making the first team, he helped in making it better and stronger. Rain or shine you could have seen him upon the field taking a bump here and a kick there. It was through him that we were successful in scoring on Duncan. I am glad then tonight that I may have the honor of placing in his hands this N which he as so well earned. If that student will kindly step forward I will present it to him now. That player, whom I am sure you all know, and if you don't I hope you will soon, is John Hartridge."

John Hartridge gazed for a moment in bewilderment, then collecting himself he struggled to his feet and walked with the unsteadiness of a drunken man, to the front. Cheer after cheer rang out in the room fairly making the old building tremble and even the pictures upon the wall seemed to wear expressions of amazement as the noise increased. Receiving his N he walked back as quickly as possible, but he was not fast enough however, for he was pushed into a chair as he was passing the second table. His face was very red now and as he thought how he had misjudged the coach, he felt ashamed of himself and wanted to sink thru the floor. He had been mistaken, for the Coach knew what he was about and though Hartridge was no good on the team he could do his part in helping the team to win. With a wild beating heart he held the N still tighter in his hand for fear he would awaken and find that this had been only a dream and the hard-earned N would disappear.

Sad But True

Katherine French, '18

"Another theme! My poor old brain has ground out so many in the past month, that it's stock of provisions is exhausted. Let's see—either a dramatic situation caused by some little article, such as a piece of brown paper, or the mind workings of a small boy, thief, tramp, or pupil. The last is out of the question—I never could do it. What can I tell? I read a story once about a pin—but I couldn't borrow some one else's plot. Let's see—how did it go? The pin fell from the cloak of a baby, and changed the destinies of nations—not so bad! But there's no use remembering that story, I must think up one of my own. Where was that other one? Oh! yes. I remember, in an old Good Housekeeping. It was pretty good. But why will I think of those all the time? Now, a scrap of brown paper—of course it might have a code on it—say written in onion juice—that told where a certain heir to large fortunes was hidden, and then accidentally it might get heated—still, that sounds too much like Poe's Gold Bug. Well, I guess I won't worry any more, something will turn up."

She went to Latin class—failed utterly in her recitation, and when asked what misericors

meant, replied absently, "A scrap of brown paper." The next day in English class, it was announced that if they chose, the class might write a Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year's story. If it were a Thanksgiving story, it must be handed in in two days, but the others would come in as regular themes.

Here's my chance," hopefully. "The Thanksgiving story is out of the question, but a Christmas or New Year's one might do. Haven't I some old plots left over? I've never been caught so unprepared before. Let's see—the Yule Log is used for New Year's, isn't it? I'd rather write a New Year's story than Christmas—more uncommon. Is the Yule Log used New Years? I must ask mother. Maybe Ruth knows. "Ruth," turning around, "are Yule Logs used for Christmas or New Years?"

"Christmas, I think—Yes, I know they are."

"Oh! Dear—Well it can be a Christmas story—rather nice, in fact. Oh! I know! The family can live in New England—burn it every night, and keep it until New Years. Put out the fire every night—how though? Well, that will come when I write it. Let me think—when they are rolling it down the hill to the house, it will strike a little girl and knock her senseless—she'll get well on New Years. Oh! No! That's too common. I don't like it. What could I use? Yule Logs are so romantic, I'd love to use one. There's the bell for French class—I must go."

After French class—"Of course! A Noel story—of France. I'll sprinkle it freely with my scanty supply of French words. Still—I don't like that. I wonder if there isn't a common superstition about some little article?"

She buried herself in deep thought. Finally she had an inspiration. "A hair pin! Just the thing! A girl can stick it in a tree, saying she's found a friend, and then it can tear the teacher's new dress, and make her mad, and then one of her scholars can act up," she went on thinking swiftly. "And then she gets mad at him, and he makes his father mad—his father will be very wealthy and influential—and his father makes the governor of the state mad, and the governor—oh! I don't know what he will do, but it will make a beautiful story. I guess I'll write it right now."

After a little while—"Oh! I guess I'll just have a tragedy in the home of the bad scholar—it's longer than I thought. Gracious! what can I have? The boy could run away. No, that would be too far-fetched. Well, I'll leave it awhile and think it over."

That evening—"Oh,Ruth, I'd love to go but I've simply got to write an English theme."—— —— —— "Yes, I know I could do it in the morning" —— —— —— "Well, all right—you call for me, won't you?"

The next morning—"Goodness! We have an English theme—due in two minutes. Here I wasted all last evening going to a movie show that turned out to be horrid after all, and then I never thought another thing about the old theme until just now—Well, m'am it serves you right, just you go and tell Miss Lyons about it. I see where I get zero, but——"

PONY RIDING

We have all heard of that gentle, but sometimes rather bumpy, art of pony riding. None but the best riders are able to keep their seats, the others are strewn by the wayside. Strange to say this fad is prevalent in the latter part of January and the middle of June. No riding habits are necessary but once acquired they assume an entirely different meaning and become habits hard to get rid of. You can't even sell them to the old clothes man. But, students, do we want to take up this fad? No good can come from it in the long run and although it may seem to help for the moment, it will be a hindrance to us in th end. It lowers self-respect and makes a student capable of doing things far worse.

Students, we are at the end of the first year in our new building. It has been probably the finest year in our school lives. Habits have changed and we have all become better for having been in this building.

Why not, at this, the end of our first year here, try to do away with that wornout system of pony riding? There is no need to say what will happen if we are caught cheating, but let's not try to stop it in the spirit of fear of being caught. Let's all resolve that we will do our parts in killing cheating in Y. H. S. simply as a matter of honor. O. C.

A NEW DEPARTMENT

Next month there will be a new department in the "Sem," this will be known as the Junior High section. All the news for this page is to be written up by Junior High students. We hope tha tthis department will be enjoyed by our present subscribers as well as those new ones from the other building. A page of this sort keeps the two sections of high school together. Each one can get an idea of what the other is doing. We of the Senior high believe that by having a school paper in common, and having both sections represented it will give greater union to the larger high school. We are very glad to welcome Junor High to our paper. O. C.

YOUR DUES

Have you paid them? If not, why not?

You say the treasurer hasn't asked you for them. Do you realize tha tthe treasurer has something else to do besides chasing up about sixty-five people, and then they won't pay. You know who the treasurer is, so why don't you take your dues to him, or her. It won't cost you any more and it will raise your self-esteem vastly.

Your class can't run without money. It doesn't need a great deal, but it must have a little money. You come to the class meetings (if you don't, you ought to be ashamed to admit it) and you voted to pay a certain amount of class dues, and if it gives you any satisfaction to refuse to come up and pay the insignificant sum represented, we can't see what it is.

The treasurer gets no salary, though he no doubt, earns one, and you make him a lot of unnecessary work for nothing; you like to brag about your class, but you don't support it.

For the love of Mike, PAY YOUR DUES!!

P. R. S.

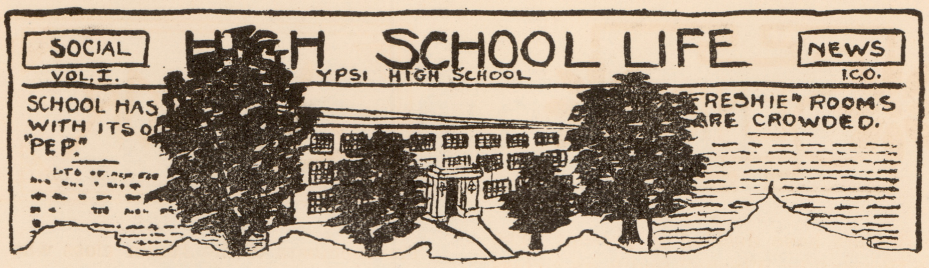
THE HUMOROUS NUMBER

of the Sem is coming out next month.

This is going to be a grand explosion of the scintillating wit so plentiful in this noble institution. Every member of the staff is out gunning for material, and every student is urged to contribute. We are going to get out a magazine better than an issue of "Life," and as we don't claim to be as funny as the editors of that well known publication we want a little help from you. Keep your eyes and ears open and hand in a few local drives (especially on the faculty; its hard to see anything funny in a faculty). Compose a verse of poetry and put it in the Chat Box (most of the poetry we get is awfully funny).

In short we want to collar every bit of humor in Y. H. S. and cram it into one issue. and if we don't produce a cacchinatory oscillation in the region of the diaphragm, we want to know the reason why.

P. R. S.



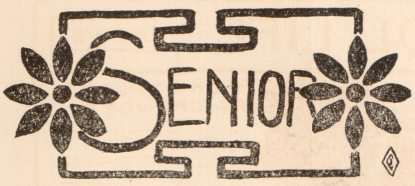
Chapel—December 13. After a hymn by the choir, Mr. Morris read from Isaiah, the prophecy of the birth of Christ. He said that we would have four piano solos. Frances Thompson played first. Mary Case made an announcement concerning the Y. W. C. A. tableaux. The six that were to be given were The Wise Men, The Inn Scene, The Shepherds and the Angels, The Wise Men Before Herod, The Sanhedrin Scene, and at the Stable. Miss Sargent was to read, and the girls' Glee Club to sing. Floyd Matthews added that the price was to be fifteen cents, and the time, one week from the following Thursday. Fred Allen then announced the Athletic Banquet. Mr. Morris advised the students to be more particular about signing in the halls, if they had no excuses. The fact that we had won the debate with the Normal was announced and then Mr. Morris said that there would be a general clean up time at the morning roll call. Wilhelmina Roberts and Margaret Fletcher then played for us, before Mr. Arbaugh spoke. He made a few suggestions about the way we could better the appearance of the building and then said that Fraternities were against the law in high schools and asked the boys who were in fraternities to please disband. Helen Kirk then played, and Mr. Arbaugh said that he was going to wait until after vacation to explain about the fund for the warring countries.

Chapel—December 20. The school sang "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and Miss Murphy sang the obligato solo. Mr. Morris read from the Bible of the fulfillment of the prophecy—the Shepherds, and the birth of Christ. The list of announcements was short—Miss Sargent told about the tableaux, and Mr. Morris said that one who had not earned a "Y" could wear one. The Sophomore pins had arrived, and the Sophomores could get them at any time by applying to the class president. The Choir sang another Christmas Carol, and Dr. Finlayson, of the Presbyterian church spoke to the school. His subject was "What Does Christmas Mean?" He told of how it was made up of little things—it began in a small way, and has kept adding little things until it has become a big thing—the happiest time in the whole year. Christmas happened, he said, because God made use of all little things. The school sang "Onward Christian Soldiers," and then came back to work.

December 22. During second hour during the period of supervised study, the Boys' Glee Club sang "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," in the halls and Miss Murphy sang the obligato solo. The classes all gathered in the hall of the second floor, and gathered around the tiny Christmas tree with which Mr. Morris had decorated the post in the hall. The Glee Club sang some more carols, while the tiny candles burned on the tree. When roll call was over, once more, the school assembled in the halls, while the tree was lighted and the Victrola played Christmas Hymns and Carols. The seventh hour was omitted.

There was no special program for Chapel December 3. After the usual exercises the time was spent in singing old songs together. Mr. Morris read to us "A Message to Garcia," the moral of which applies to us all. The man, whom Elbert Hubbard commended, carried a message to Garcia who was in an almost impenetrable spot in Cuba. He did his work without questions, without words, of any sort—simply doing his duty as best he could. Such men are rare.

After a song by the choir and the parable of the talents, on December 10, Arthur Moore, played, very delightfully, three mandolin solos, accompanied by Dorothy Arbaugh. Mr. Morris then announced the changes in the schedule for next semester. We are to have six periods a day instead of seven, three in the morning from eight to eleven twenty-five, and three in the afternoon, from twelve forty-five until four.



The Seniors have decided to present "The Fortune Hunter," by Winchell Smith, as a class play. The play is in four acts and although frequently presented by professionals, it is especially adapted to amateur production.

The cast consists of the following: P. Vernon will take the leading character; minor characters consist of F. Allen, M. Rogers, C. Alban, C. Russel, W. Parsons, F. Seaver, P. Smith, R. Knight, C. Breining, A. Carr, P. Hayward, L. Miller, M. Wyckoff, I. Hutton, and E. Monk.

Miss Sargent will act as stage manager and coach, Dorothy Arbaugh will have charge of the scenery and costumes. The lighting effects will be in charge of Howard Seeley, and Emil Lidke, while a staff of assistants will shift scenes. The business manager is Owen Cleary, publicity manager, Frank Haydon. Much credit is due to the committee for their choice of the play and to Miss Sargent, Miss Hoffman and Miss Hardy who chose the cast. Although no definite date has as yet been decided the production will probably be presented at the usual time, the last Friday before spring vacation.

Paul Bonilla, formerly of Columbia, S. A., has entered the school as a Senior.

The following Seniors are out for the basket ball team: F. Allen, R. Knight, C. Breining, Paul Smith, O. Cleary and Paul Hayward.

The girls who are trying to make the class team are H. Montgomery, E. Monk, G. Perry, M. Wyckoff, A. Williamson and F. Merriman. With the above material for the teams the prospects are high for a repetition of our last year's success in basketball.

The Juniors are well represented on the girls' basketball teams. Ellen Hopkins, Marjorie Sweet, Ruth Fidler, Joyce Durfee, Marjorie Wilber, Ruth Bowen, Mary Case, Thelma Smith, Lucile Love, and Mildred Horn are all on the team.

The members of the Junior class who have been out on account of smallpox have returned.

The Juniors in chapel, sandwiched in between grave old Senors and silly Freshmen, feel the responsibility of their position. They try to attain a mixture of the deep interest in the profound parts of the program and a too evident enjoyment of the "grasshopper stories."

Lucile Love attended the wedding of her cousin in Detroit on January 5.

Mabel Anderson was absent from school December 21 and 22.

Ruth Carpenter was not at school December 21 and 22, on account of illness.

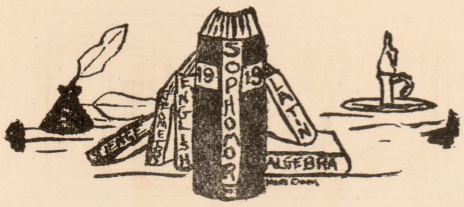
Gladys Cairns joined the Huron Camp Fire January 12. She was a member of Cherokee Camp Fire in Fort Wayne, Ind.

On January 5 the Junior class held a meeting in Room 221 to decide about their chapel day. The Junior day is February 28. It was decided to have the president appoint a committee of three to manage the program. The program committee chosen is Ruth Bowen, Dorothy Murdock, and Fred Wolters.

At a class meeting held January 11, it was decided that no class numerals would be given this year. Two class yell masters were chosen, J. Forsythe, and J. James. A committee on a party was appointed by the president. It consists of Alton Miller, Genevieve Nulan, and Doris Greene.

The Juniors who won Y's were: James Forsythe, Alton Miller, Herbert Cooney, Elmer Stitt, and Fred Wolters.

If a man once makes a failure,
And he's feeling dismal, then
Wisdom comes and softly whispers,
"Try, oh! try again!"
So, with hope, again we ask you
For your semi-annual dues,
Pay them all, or pay them monthly,
You can do this as you choose.
This is heartily endorsed by the treasurer.



A Sophomore class meeting was held Monday, December 11, at which James Orr, the class delegate to Lansing, gave a report of his adventures at the Conference. After the report the class practiced yells.

Norma Dolby is back in school after an absence of several weeks. We are all glad to see you back, Norma.

Blanche Grainger has left school because of the illness of her mother.

Lester Howlett and Clarence Clow are back in school.

Clare Dudley ran over a dog while trying to learn to run their Ford. If you ride with Clare insure your life.

Arthur Stuart was on the H. of R. debating team which won the debate on the literary test, with the Normal High.

The following Sophomores received Y's for football at the athletic banquet: G. Beranek, L. Roderick, W. Hansor, C. Lappeus, and E. Allen.

There are seven Sophomores in the new boys' physical training class.

Rexford Emery, who is going to school in Saginaw, returned home for Christmas. He has visited our school several times.

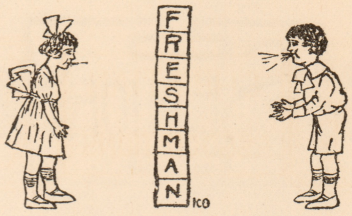
Arthur Schlubatis has left school and gone to work.

Everett Burgess has come back to school after being absent for over two weeks.

The following Sophomore boys are out for basketball: Lappeus, Hayes, Jefferson, E. Allen, G. Elliott, Arbaugh, Whitney, Hansor, Ohemke, A. Moore, Harris, and Sturtevant. Charles Lappeus has been elected captain of this team.

Edna Lord was absent January 4 and 5.

Donald McClouth, at former member of our class, who is going to a military school in Virginia, visited our school several times after the Christmas vacation.



There are, in the school Y. W. C. A., 17 Freshman girls. If every class had this number, it would make a total of 68. It only has 50. This statement speaks for itself. There is a smaller number of boys in the Y. M. C. A.

There are 10 Freshmen who have perfect records in attendance. Seven of these are from Room 215, those being Roma Ableson, Helen Bunton, Vera Clark, Armina Converse, Fern Emery, Eugene Gorton and Winfield Ball. Clayton Olds in Room 311, and Donald Ross and Irene Sullivan are in 309. Room 215 is far ahead. See if there can be more in all rooms next Semester.

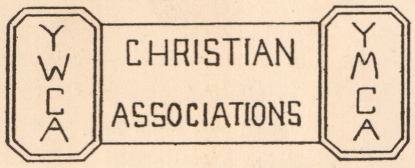
Two class meetings have been held. One, the latter part of December, was for the report of the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Lansing, attended by Ferris Elliott. Also a committee was appointed for the purpose of choosing class colors. Alice Reid, our vice-president, presided at this meeting, as the president was absent.

The second meeting was held in Room 221, January 9th. The committee on class colors reported, and a vote was taken. This fell in favor of purple and white. It was decided that a committee of five should be appointed by the president to give suggestions for the Chapel program which is to be in our charge.

A large bunch of girls turned out for basket ball practice the first day. There will be enough for two good teams and some others. We have fine material to pick from and expect a fine year in basketball.

One of the Freshman gymnasium classes (the sixth hour) has the honor of being chosen for the exhibition of Physical Training which Miss Scovill is planning. Only one High School class besides the honor class is to be used.

We have over $18.00 in the class treasury, and as yet it isn't all in. Please help the treasurer by giving her your money. Don't force her to come after it. Take it to her. She is in Room 215. Don't forget.



Y. W. C. A.

The Christmas meeting was held the Thursday before vacation and every one had a very informal, happy time. The post card booklets were finished and afterward the president took them, with a suit case of dressed dolls to Ann Arbor. We hope that the children who received them enjoyed them as much as we enjoyed making them. Miss Lucretia Case sang a lovely Christmas song and Marjorie Wilbur read Tolstoi's beautiful story, "Where Love is There God is Also."

The first meeting of 1917 was the "Leadership" meeting. Some very inetresting talks on "Leadership" were given by Dorothy Arbaugh, Jennie Darling and Helen Montgomery. Some of the qualities that make for leadership are unselffishness, willingness to work, and the ability of being a good follower; for before one can lead he must be able to follow in order to understand the hearts of those he shall lead.

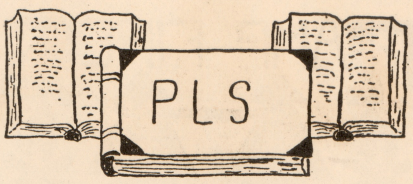
The next meeting will be election of officers. Everyone come to these meetings in 1917 and make the year the most helpful and happy of any we have had.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The sixth meeting of the House was held January 2, in Room 221. The election of officers was the chief object of attention. The following officers were chosen for the coming semester: Speaker, Lester Miller; Chief Clerk, Floyd Matthews; Assistant Clerk, Arthur Stuart, and Sergeant-at-arms, William Schneider.

After the election, the usual discussion was held. The subject was Germany's Peace plans. The discussion was very interesting, and many took part in it.

It was decided, at this meeting, to order pins for the six debaters of last year, and the three of this year's team.



The Christmas meeting of the P. L. S. was held in the lunchroom December 14. Three Christmas stories were told by Clara Schmidt, Marjory Wilber and Lucile Love. Margaret Wyckoff gave a piano solo, "To Spring," by Grieg.

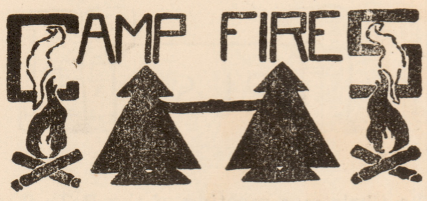
Three new members were received into the society: Nola Manchester, Ruth Fidler, and Esther Eldred.

The first meeting of the new year was held January 11 in the lunchroom also. A short, one-act play, "Six Cups of Chocolate," was presented by a very able cast, afforded the entertainment. The scene was laid in a little New England college town. The plot was something as follows: A certain girl student, Adeline von Lindau has invited five of her friends in to drink chocolate and chat. The hostess has received a very passionate letter from one, Edmund Lovering, and it develops during their visit that each girl has received identically the same letter from the same man. They at once plan and take revenge. The cast was as follows: Adeline von Lindau, Genevieve Breining; Marion Lee, Margaret Wyckoff; Dorothy Green, Helen Kirk; Beatrice von Kortlandt, Helen Hurdly; Jeanette Durand, Genevieve Nulan; Hester Beacon, Doris Green.

The play was such a success that it was repeated in chapel January 17th and received with enthusiasm.

A Sophomore class meeting was held Thursday, January 4th, to plan for the chapel which they will have charge of on February 7. A committee of three, Jennie Darling, Helen Kirk and Charles Lappeus was chosen to plan the program.

The following Sophomore girls are out for basketball: N. Dolby, H. Beranek, H. Kirk, H. Perry, G. Frank, M. Wise, V. Paton, S. Platt, and V. Blair, and there may be more. With all these out there are prospects of better success than last year.



HURON CAMP FIRE

The Ceremonial which was to be held in the lunchroom January 12th, was postponed a week on account of the illness of our guardian. At the Ceremonial two new girls are to be received into our membership, Gladys Cairns and Ruth Boardman.

On the day before Christmas, a bushel basket amply filled, was sent by the girls of the Campfire to a certain family in the city by whom it was gladly received. The week before vacation the girls hurriedly got together and sent a guardian's pin to Miss Steere, as a Christmas remembrance.

POTTOWATOMI CAMP FIRE

The Pottowatomi Campfire Girls met with their former guardian, Miss Marcia Dunlap, during the Christmas vacation at the home of Grace Burton.

At the meeting held on Wednesday, January 9th, the girls looked over the play of "Any Girl," which is to be given soon. Seeing that each Campfire was to have the money from all the tickets it sold, all the girls decided to get busy.

SHENEMENTONG CAMP FIRE

We have found a new guardian for our organization. Mrs. Morris has consented to take charge of our hikes and meetings, which will be held Tuesdays from four to five o'clock.

A ceremonial was held at Catherine Hutton's home, the 22nd of December, at which two girls, Jane Elder and Martha Fidler joined our circle. Martha forgot her Campfire name and symbol, but promised to learn and remember it soon. A small Christmas tree with lighted candles, and a gift for each girl, was in the center of the circle. A Christmas program furnished by Alice Reid, Margaret Peet, Willhelmina Roberts, Eva Lindsay, and Claribel Bowen was followed by refreshments. At half past ten we went home to dream of our last ceremonial held with Madeline Walker, our former guardian.

A good time was enjoyed by all our members at the home of Claribel Bowen, December 29th. Our Christmas box was sent to the children of the Free Hospital in Detroit. There were dolls, scrapbooks, picture books, crayons and pictures.

Our next ceremonial will be held at Josephine Warner's home, Friday, January 13th. It will be the first one under Mrs. Morris' guardianship. Three very pretty candlesticks were given the girls by Miss Walker before she left Ypsilanti.

In the Social Dancing Class

P. Smith—"Would you mind getting off my feet?"

His Partner—"Why, I'm not much on long hikes, how far is it?"

Some of our fellows are boarding out, and one of them met this sad fate.

He was eating pancakes, and his landlady counted them. Finally she said:

"Say, do you know that you have eaten 26 pancakes?"

At these words, as the poor boy himself reported, he got so riled "that he came right off to school without his breakfast."

BOYS BASKETBALL

The basketball season is now in full sway. The season was opened immediately after the Christmas vacation and at the first practice about thirty fellows reported to Coach Walpole in the new gymnasium, each class being well represented. The boys practice three times a week, on Mondays and Fridays from four to five o'clock, and on Wednesdays from six to seven-thirty o'clock.

Much good material is shown among the candidates and the race for the basketball championship should be a close one. Interscholastic eligibility rules will be strictly adhered to during the entire season. For those who hold season athletic tickets no admission will be charged to these games, but those without tickets will be charged a small admission fee of ten cents. Everybody come to these games and help your class win.

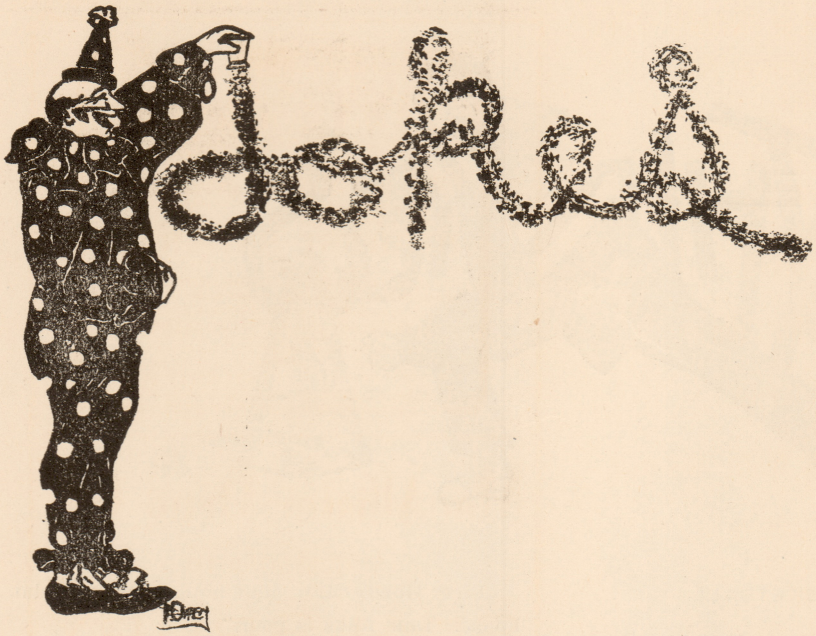
First Hobo—"Dey ain't no use going to dat house. Dme folks is poor."

Second Hobo—"How do you know?"

First Hobo—"Well, I looked fru de window an' I seed two gals playin' on one piano. I reckon dem folks must be poor."

Ich weisz nicht was soll es bedenten
Dasz ich so trawig bin
Ich habe mein pony vergessen
Es ging mir grade aus dem sinn.
Herr Professor ist kuhl und er ekuckelt
Und ruhig ist sein sinn
Und glaube er will jemand flunken
Ach Himmel! Kann dasz sein mir?

Orlo Gale has been chosen captain of the Freshman boys' basketball team.



Mr. Walpole—"All animals and insects are here for a purpose. What does the mosquito teach us*"

Bill Hansor—"It teaches us how easy it is to get stung."

Freddy Hopkins reaches across the table after the butter.

Freddy's Mamma—"Why did you reach across that way? Haven't you a tongue?"

Freddy—"Yes, but it isn't as long as my arm."

"Red" Miller—"Say, did you ever notice that women always press the electric button in the street car with their thumb? Do you know why they do that?"

B. Kirk—"No, why?"

"Red Miller—"Why, because they want to get off."

Miss Cooper (in Latin IV)—"We have some sketches of Roman Life."

The inevitable "smarty"—"Huh! I didn't know 'Life' was printed in Rome."

Please write all the jokes for the Chat Box on Tissue paper, so the joke Ed. will be sure to see through them.

P. Smith—"Say, I wish I made the alphabet."

Monte—"Why?"

P. Smith—"Why, I would have put "U" and "I" closer together."

Mrs. Cornstalk—"My son is taking domestic science at school."

Mrs. Gossip—"Is that so?"

Mrs. Cornstalk—"Yes, only last night he said that they put him on the scrub eleven."

Visitor—"Did you carry out the ideas I suggested?"

Busy Office Boss—"Did you meet the office boy with the waste basket as you came up?"

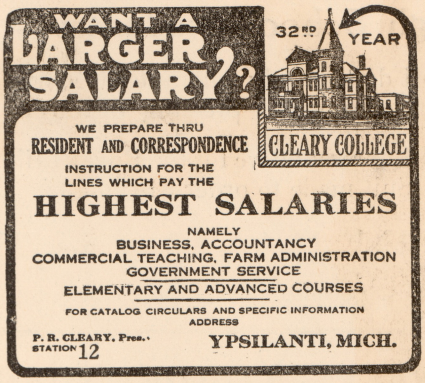
Visiotr—"Yes, why?"

Busy Office Boss—"He was carrying out your ideas."

The Swede's conception of "Wilhelm Tell"

Dar bane a man named William Tell,
Who bane a quite gude shot,
A'y bet you ven he take gude aim,
He never miss the spot.
Ay spose he hunting every day,
An' shooting lots of game,
Ef he ban losing such a chance.
Ay tenk it bane a shame.
Von day some fellers jump on Bill,
And taking him to jail,
And tal him he skol have to pay
Sax tousand dollars bail.
"Sax tousand bones. Yee Whiz!" say Tell,
"Ay 'ant get sixty cents."
And so they make him breaking
Stones, behind hig iron fence.
But Olaf Gessler say to Bill
Yu ban a quite gude shot,
So ay skol give you von chance
For winning nice jack-pot.
You got a pretty brave young kid
Ay take you on the dead,
You skol go free, if you skol shoot
Dis apple off his head.
Yerusalem, say Bill, if you skol give me drink
of Bock,
Ay bet you I can shoot dis fruit
Off little Yimmie's block.
But if ay shoot too low, val den,
You side-step quick, by heck,
Or you skol finding little bunch
Of arrows in your neck.
So Olaf frame it op for Bill
And Bill he take gude aim
And shoot at little Jimmie's block
Ay tal you he bane game.
And Bill skol knocking apple off,
And Olaf stuck Bill back in jail,
And tol him "April Fool."

(Perhaps this is not exactly true, but it was a spontaneous inspiration of one of our students, and may help the German III people.)



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Said and Done, Muskegon High, Muskegon, Mich.

Gleam, Johnson High, St. Paul, Minn.—Thank you. We find your whole paper enjoyable.

Lyceum, Chillicothe High, Chillicothe, O.

Normal News, Ypsi Normal, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Pioneer, South H. S., Grand Rapids.—A fine weekly. We enjoyed your "Quiz" department.

Orange and Black, Hanover, H. S., Hanover, Pa.

Comet, West Division H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—Always the best from cover to cover. How do you get so many advertisers?

Reflector, Jackson H. S., Jackson, Mich.—A very good bi-weekly paper.

Rayen Record, Rayen H. S., Youngstown, O.

Ingot, Central H. S., Hancock, Mich.

Oracle, Bangor H. S., Bangor, Me.—The cover design was a novel one. We liked it Come again.

College Index, Kalamazoo Normal, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Manual, Manual Tr. H. S., Peoria, Ill.

Triangle, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit.

Wa-Wa, Pt. Townsend, Wash.—Small, but good. Come again. We are glad to see new faces as well as old ones.

Eh Kah Nam, Walla Walla H. S., Walla Walla, Wash.—We haven't seen you lately, we would like to see you again.

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